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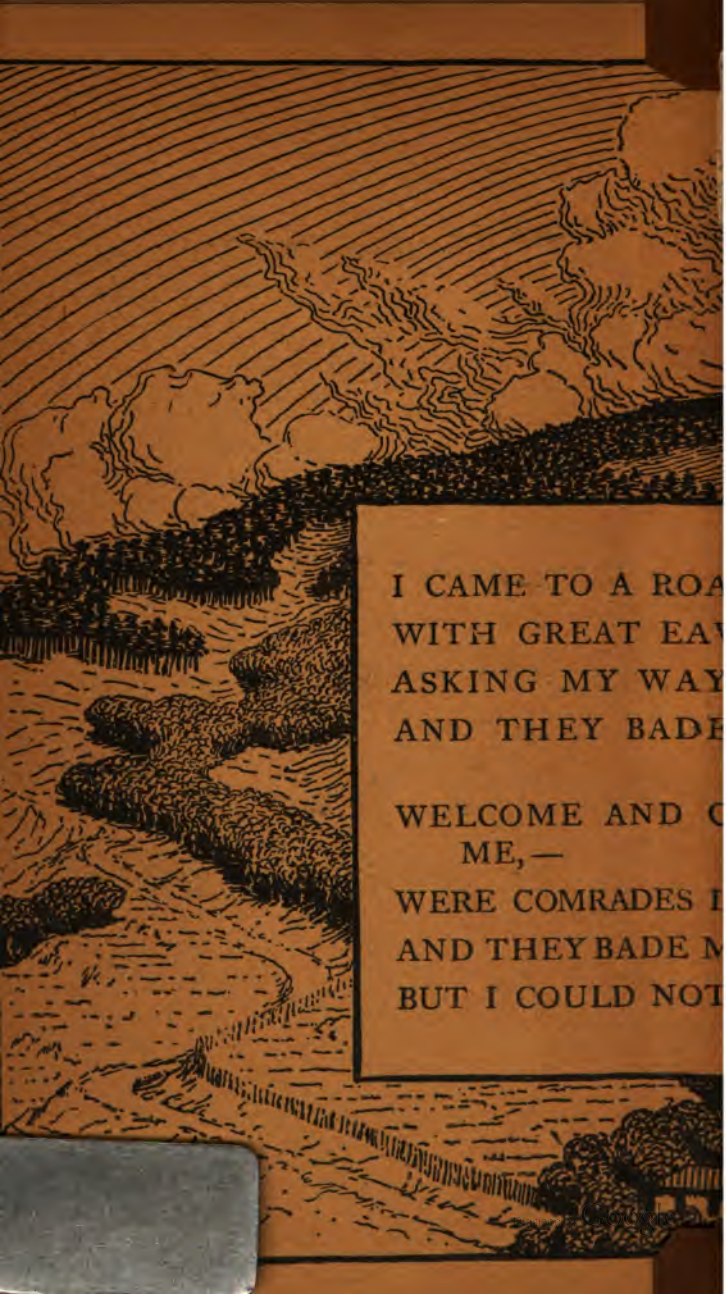
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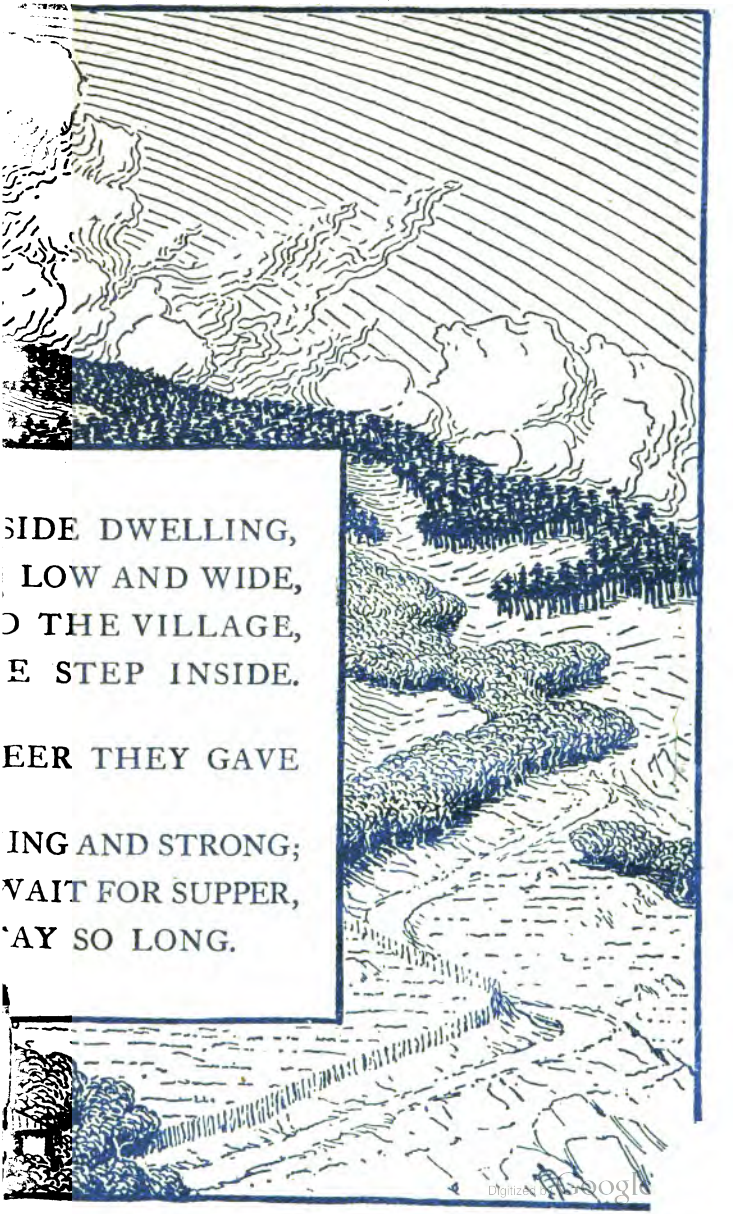


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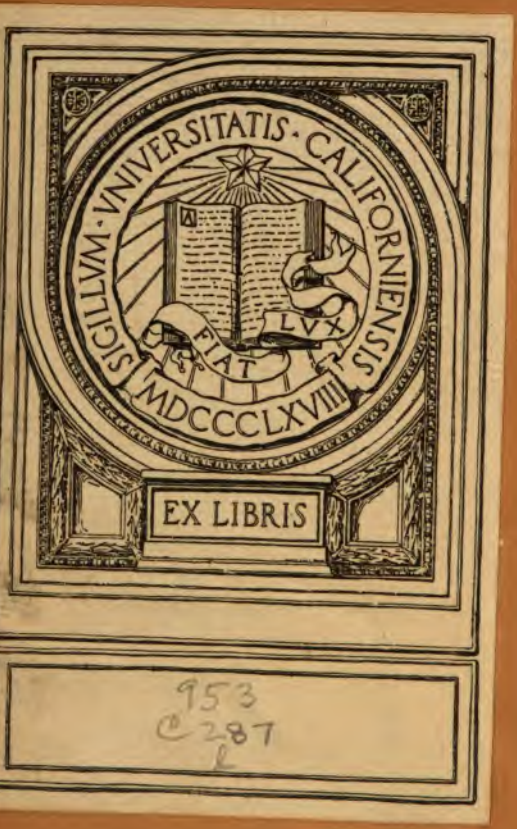
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I CAME TO A ROA
WITH GREAT EA
ASKING MY WAY
AND THEY BADE
WELCOME AND C
ME,—
WERE COMRADES I
AND THEY BADE M
BUT I COULD NOT




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# LAST SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA

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THE publishers announce for the holiday edition these three books:

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and
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# LAST SONGS
## FROM
# VAGABONDIA

BLISS CARMAN
RICHARD HOVEY
DESIGNS BY
TOM B METEYARD




BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY
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Entered at Stationers' Hall

First Edition (1000 copies), December, 1900
Second Edition (1000 copies), May, 1901
Third Edition (750 copies), November, 1903
Fourth Edition (750 copies), November, 1905
Fifth Edition (1000 copies), March, 1908

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## AT THE CROSSROADS

YOU to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here 's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle, —
For, whether we 're right or whether we 're wrong,
There 's a rose for every thistle.
Here 's luck —
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that 's sealing.
There 's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we 're wrong or whether we 're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here 's luck —
That we may not yet go under!



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*At the Crossroads*

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we 're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here 's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here 's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here 's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

## "AT LAST, O DEATH" A FRAGMENT

AT last, O death!
Not with the sick-room fever and weary heart
And slow subsidence of diminished breath —
But strong and free
With the great tumult of the living sea.
Behold, I have loved.
And though I wept for the long sundering,
I did not fear thee, Death, nor then nor now.
I girded up my loins and sought my kind,
And did a man's work in a world of men,



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And looked upon my work and called it good. *"At Last, O Death"*
Now come, then, in the shape I love the best.
In the salt, sturdy wrestling of the sea,
I give thee welcome.

## MAY AND JUNE

I

MAY comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
All the earth is glad again,
Kind and fair to me.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Set his place at hearth and board
As they used to be.

May comes, day comes,
One who was away comes;
Higher are the hills of home,
Bluer is the sea.

II

June comes, and the moon comes
Out of the curving sea,
Like a frail golden bubble,
To hang in the lilac tree.

June comes, and a croon comes
Up from the old gray sea,
But not the longed-for footstep
And the voice at the door for me.



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PHILIP SAVAGE

FIELDS by Massachusetts Bay,
Where is he who yesterday

Called you Home, and loved to go
Where the cherry spreads her snow,

Through the purple misty woods
Of your soft spring solitudes,

Listening for the first fine gush
Of his fellow, the shy thrush —

Hearkening some diviner tone
Than our ears have ever known?

Woodland-musing by the hour
When the locust comes in flower,

He would watch by hill and swamp
Every sign of her green pomp

Where your matchless June once more
Leads her pageant up the shore.

Slopes of bayberry and fern,
While you wait for his return,

Can it be that he would test
Some far region of the West,

Tracking some great river course
To its undiscovered source?



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Or an idler would he be
In the Islands of the Sea?

Can it be that he is gone,
Like so many a roving one,

The dread Arctic to explore,
Never to be heard of more—

Or with those who sail away
Every year from Gloucester Bay

For the Banks, and do not come
When the fishing fleets come home?

Stony uplands where the quail
Whistles by the pasture rail,

Where is one to whom you lent
Of your wise serene content,

Minstrel of your pagan psalm
With an Emersonian calm?

Open fields along the sea,
'T was your sweet sincerity

Made him what his fellows knew,
Sober, gentle, sane and true.

Whippoorwill and oriole,
He had your untarnished soul;



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*Philip Savage* He your steadfast brother was,
Lowly field-bird of the grass.

Shores of Massachusetts Bay,
Teach us only in our day

Half as well your face to love
And your loving kindness prove.

Now the wind he loved so well
Makes the dune grass rock and swell,

And the marshy acres run
White with charlock in the sun,

Should he not be here to see
All your brave felicity!

Through these orchards green and dim,
Whose old calm was good to him,

Let the tiny yellow birds
Still repeat their shining words,

While across our senses steal
Hints of things no words reveal.

Let the air he used to know
From the iris meadows blow,

At evening through the open door
With the cool scents of the shore,



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While across our spirits sweep
Sea-turns from a vaster deep.

Sunlit fields, how gently now
Your white daisies nod and bow,

Where the soft wind and the sun
Grieve not for a mortal one!

Only the old sea the more
Seems to whisper and deplore,

Murmuring like a childless crone
With her sorrow left alone —

The eternal human cry
To the heedless passer by.

Marshes, while your channels fill
And the June birds have their will,

While the elms along your edge
Wave above the rusty sedge,

And the bobolinks day long
Ply their juggleries of song,

While the sailing ships go by
To their ports below the sky,

Still the old Thalassian blue
Bounds this lovely world for you,



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*Philip Savage*

And the lost horizon lies
Past your wonder or surmise.

Fields by Massachusetts Bay,
When your questioner shall say,

"Where is he who should have been
Poet of your lovely mien,

And your soul's interpreter?"
Answer, every larch and fir,

"He was here, but he is gone.
Some high purpose not his own

Summoned his unwasted powers
From our common woods and flowers.

All too soon from our abode
Back he wended to the road,

Rich in love, if not in fame.
Philip Savage was his name."

## NON OMNIS MORIAR

IN MEMORY OF GLEESON WHITE

THIS paragraph cannot be true;
For such a man could not have died.
Death is so lonely, hard and cold, —
Not gentleness personified.



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*Non Omnis Moriar*

What manner was it in the man
That makes the story seem untrue?
Death is for fighters, rakes, and kings;
Malice nor greed he never knew.

He never seemed to strive to live;
His spirit was too sure for strife, —
Too glad, unquerulous and fair,
To take the sordid tinge of life.

The pompous folly of the world
Could never touch that radiant mien;
He moved unstained among the crowd,
Loyal, courageous, and serene.

No bargainer for wealth nor fame
Nor place, his was a better part, —
The simple love of all his kind,
And lifelong fervour in his art.

It must have been his charity,
That tender human heart of his,
That rare unfailing kindliness,
Could make his death seem so amiss.

In London where he lived and toiled,
I saw him smile across the throng,
The unembittered smile of those
Whose sweetness triumphs over wrong.

With that unvexed Chaucerian mood,
That zest unsevered from repose,
He is as wise as Omar now,
Or any Master of the Rose.



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*Non Omnis Moriar*

And here in the November dusk
There comes an echo, faint and far,
Of that gay, valiant, careless voice
That cried, *Non omnis moriar!*

Behind the mask of lore and creed
There dwells an instinct, strong and blind,
Refuting sorrow, bidding grief
Be something better than resigned.

There is a part of me that knows,
Beneath incertitude and fear,
I shall not perish when I pass
Beyond mortality's frontier;

But greatly having joyed and grieved,
Greatly content, shall hear the sigh
Of the strange wind across the lone
Bright lands of taciturnity.

In patience therefore I await
My friend's unchanged benign regard, —
Some April when I too shall be
Spilt water from a broken shard.

## DAY AND NIGHT

(*Read at the Sixty-sixth Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, at Cornell University*, 1899.)

FAIR college of the quiet inland lake
And beautiful fair name that like a bell
Rings out its clear sheer call of joy, Cornell! —
Its call of high undaunted dares that take



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The hearts of men with fervours for thy sake
And for thy sake with sudden hopes that swell,
Hail first to thee, with praise for thy bold youth,
Thy fearless challenge in the ranks of truth,
Thy forward footing into the unknown!
The new in knowledge that is old in being
Wrenched from the dark and morninged for our seeing —
This is the legend on thy banners blown.

*Day and Night*

Mightier the foes yet that are still to smite,
And fiercer yet the fields we still must fight,
But thou, a David of the sunrise cause,
In the first dawn of the defiant day,
Startled the mumbling hosts that bar the way —
Thou, a young Spartan of the days to be,
Made the vast hordes of Persian darkness pause
And bade our band think of Thermopylæ.

Day — yes, the day for thee! but all we men
Are twofold, having need of day and night.
Day for the mind, the ardour of the fight,
Night for the soul and silence. So again
To thee I turn, O one of many stars
That make the loyal heaven glorious
But dear among the innumerable to us,
Psi Upsilon, and resting from the scars
Of day, the brunt of battle, lift thy song,
"Now for the joys of night!" — they sing it still
In the old chapters where we had our fill
Of fun and fellowship and frank good will,
I and my fellows, when we too were young.
"Soft as a dream of beauty" — hark, again!
Here's to his right good health who sang that strain!



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Come with me into the night —
The intimate embracing night!
The night is still;
And we may walk from hill to hill
Silent, with but the murmur of our souls,
As through the woods the murmur of the night.
— Ah, take your heaven of undying light,
Of glare of gold and glint of aureoles!
I think God keeps for us somewhere
A place of cool dusks and caressing air,
Where all the greens and yellows dream of blue
And all the rainbow hints itself in hue
But never speaks outright, —
Never unveils
The unmistakable red or violet,
But lets all colour die to a perfume.

Is it the flapping of sails
And the lurch of a jibing boom
Where a boat comes round, below, on the lake, to set
Off shore again? How clear,
Like the league-distant hills that seem so near
In the thin air of Colorado, rise
The voices of the merry-making crew
Over the waters, — songs of love that strew
The silence with the roses of surmise!

Hark!

*There is no sound beneath the sky*
*But sails that flap and oars that feather*
*And the low water whispering by*
*In the June weather.*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I together!*



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*The starlight lies upon the lake*
*Like dreams of vanished days and viewless*
*Earth never shall recall awake,—*
*The dim lost Thules!*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I together!*

*The soft wind stirs among the firs,*
*The great stars wait above and seek not;*
*The night is full of ministers*
*For souls that speak not.*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I together!*

*I wonder whether you and I*
*Are real, love — I wonder whether!*
*I only know that, live or die,*
*We dream together.*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I,*
*My love and I together!*

Far, so far —
The song dies on the waters like a star
That founders in the surges of the dawn.

Ah, the great Night!
The far phantasmal Night!
The delicate dim aisles and domes of dream!
Loosed from the mind, set free
From thought and memory,
The soul goes naked into the vast stream



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Of musing spirit like a careless Faun, —
The soul lies naked to the summer night.

Night of the clasped hands of comrades! Night
of the kiss
Of lovers trembling at love's mysteries!
Night of desire!
Night of the gaslight-necklaced city! Night
Of revel and laughter and delight!
Night of the starlit Sea!
Night of the waves shot with strange witch-fire!
Night of sleep!
Night of dream!
Night of the lonely soul under the stars!

But ever the self put away
With the day,
And the soul soaring, glorying into the night!

Night!
The masked mysterious Night!
The infinite unriddled beautiful Witch!
The Sibyl of the universal Doom!

This is the joy of man's spirit —
When peace falls,
Unknown, undivined, inexplicable,
Over the face of the world.

Oh, praise for the glory of battle — the Day and
its strife!
And praise for the sweat and the struggle, the
turmoil of life!
But the work is not wrought for the working,
increase for increase;



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We toil for the rest that comes after, we battle for peace.
Let us take up our work every man, meet our fate with a cheer —
But the best is the clasped hands of comrades, when nightfall is near,
The best is the rest and the friendship, the calm of the soul
When the stars are in heaven and the runner lies down at the goal.

Let us take up our work as a nation, the work of the day,
Clasp hands with our brothers of England — and who shall say nay?
And who shall say nay to our navies — the ships of us, sons of the Sea?
And who shall say nay to our Empires, to the Law that we set for the free?
But the best is the bond that 's between us, the bond of the brothers in blood,
The bond of the men who keep silence, as the night when it falls on the flood,
As the night when it falls on the vastness, the splendour and lone of the wave,
The bond of the English forever, the bond of the free and the brave!

And at last when the bugles are silent or call but to rouse
A cheer for the memory of crowned and victorious brows,
When the drums beat no more to the battle and, smitten in one,
The hearts of the nations uplift but one song to the sun,



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*Day and Night*

When, the Law once made good for all peoples by stress of the sword,
The spent world shall rest from its wrestling, clasp hands in accord,
Then, best of all bests, in the silence that falls on man's soul,
We shall feel we are comrades and brothers from tropic to pole.
All men by the pledge of their manhood made one in the will
To achieve for all men as their fellows each conquest o'er ill,
No glory or beauty or music or triumph or mirth
If it be not made good for the least of the sons of the earth,
And the bond of all bonds shall be manhood, the right of all rights
The right to the hearts of our fellows, to the love that requites
All the strain and the pain and the fag, all the wrench of the day,
When the stars shine at last in the heavens and Night has its way.

## THE BATTLE OF MANILA A FRAGMENT

BY Cavite on the bay
'T was the Spanish squadron lay;
And the red dawn was creeping
O'er the city that lay sleeping
To the east, like a bride, in the May.
There was peace at Manila,
In the May morn at Manila, —



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When ho, the Spanish admiral
Awoke to find our line
Had passed by gray Corregidor,
Had laughed at shoal and mine,
And flung to the sky its banners
With "Remember" for a sign!

With the ships of Spain before
In the shelter of the shore,
And the forts on the right,
They drew forward to the fight,
And the first was the gallant Commodore;
In the bay of Manila,
In the doomed bay of Manila—
With succour half the world away,
No port beneath that sky,
With nothing but their ships and guns
And Yankee pluck to try,
They had left retreat behind them,
They had come to win or die!

. . . . . .

For we spoke at Manila,
We said it at Manila,
Oh be ye brave, or be ye strong,
Ye build your ships in vain;
The children of the sea queen's brood
Will not give up the main;
We hold the sea against the world
As we held it against Spain.

Be warned by Manila,
Take warning by Manila,
Ye may trade by land, ye may fight by land.
Ye may hold the land in fee;



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But go not down to the sea in ships
To battle with the free;
For England and America
Will keep and hold the sea!

## THE CITY IN THE SEA

ONCE of old there stood a fabled city
By the Breton sea,
Towered and belled and flagged and wreathed and pennoned
For the pomp of Yuletide revelry;
All its folk, adventurous, sea-daring,
Gay as gay could be.

And at night when window, torch, and bonfire
Lighted up the sky,
Down the wind came galleon and pinnace,
Steered for that red lantern, riding high;
Every brown hand hard upon the tiller,
Shoreward every eye.

Well I see that hardy Breton sailor
With the bearded lip, —
How he laughed out, holding his black racer
Where the travelling sea-hills climb and slip,
Chased by storm and lighted on to haven,
Ship by homing ship.

Every sail came in, like deep-sea rovers
Who have heard afar
Wild and splendid hyperborean rumours



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Of a respite made to feud and war, —
Making port where sea-wreck and disaster
Should not vex them more.

What of Ys? Where was it when gray morning
Gloomed o'er Brittany?
Smothered out in elemental fury,
Wrecked and whelmed in the engulfing sea,
To become the name of a sea-story
In lost legendry.

In my heart there is a sunken city,
Wonderful as Ys.
All day long I hear the mellow tolling
Of its sweet-sad lonely bells of peace,
Rocked by tides that wash through all its portals
Without let or cease.

Pale and fitful as the wan auroras
Are its nights and days;
In from nowhere flush the drafty sea-turns
By forgotten and neglected ways;
Through the entries and the doors of being
That faint music strays;

Tolling back the wandered and the way-worn
From far alien lands;
Tolling back the gipsy child of beauty
With mysterious and soft commands;
Tolling back the spirit that within me
Hears and understands.

Then some May night, with a scent of lilacs
In the magic air,



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Through the moonlight and the mad spring weather,
(Old love's fervour and new love's despair),
I go down to my familiar city,
Roaming court and square.

Of a sudden at a well-known corner,
In the densest throng,
Unexpected at the very moment
As an April robin's gush of song,
Some one smiles; and there 's the perfect comrade
I have missed so long.

Then, at just the touch of hand on shoulder
Bidding grief be gone,
I forget the loneliness of travel
For the while the parted ways are one, —
Know the meaning of the world's great gladness
Underneath the sun.

That 's the story of my sounding sea-bells,
Chiming all night long, —
The eternal cadence of sea-sorrow
For Man's lot and immemorial wrong, —
The lost strain that haunts this human dwelling
With a ghost of song.

Nay, but is there any lost sea-city
Buried in the main,
Where we shall go down in days hereafter,
Having said good-bye to grief and pain,
Joy and love at last made one with beauty,
Glad and free again?



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You believe not? Hark, there comes the tolling *The City in the Sea*
Of my bells once more,
That far-heard and faint fantastic music
From my city by the perilous shore,
Sounding the imperious allegiance
I shall not deplore.

## THE LANTERNS OF ST. EULALIE

IN the October afternoon
Orange and purple and maroon,

Goes quiet Autumn, lamp in hand,
About the apple-coloured land,

To light in every apple-tree
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

They glimmer in the orchard shade
Like fiery opals set in jade, —

Crimson and russet and raw gold,
Yellow and green and scarlet old.

And O when I am far away
By foaming reel or azure bay,

In crowded street or hot lagoon,
Or under the strange austral moon, —

When the homesickness comes on me
For the great Marshes by the sea,



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*The Lanterns of St. Eulalie*

The running dikes, the brimming tide,
And the dark firs on Fundy side,

In dream once more I shall behold,
Like signal lights, those globes of gold

Hung out in every apple-tree —
The Lanterns of St. Eulalie.

## HOLIDAY

WHAT is this joy to-day,
Hope, reparation, reprieve?

Out of the sweltering city,
Out of the blaring streets
And narrow houses of men,
The seaboard express for the North
Forges, and settles for flight
Into the great blue summer,
The wide, sweet, opulent noon.

Farewell despondency, fear,
Ambition, and pitiless greed,
And sordid unlovely regrets!
And thou, frail spirit in me,
My journey-fellow these years,
Behold, thy brothers the elms,
And thy sisters the daisies, are here.
Thou, too, shalt grow and be glad,
Companioned of innocence now,
In the long hours of joy.



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How will it be that day,
When the dark train is ready,
And the inexorable gong
Sounds on the platform of Time

## MARIGOLDS

THE marigolds are nodding;
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother,
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love;
They may relent and tell you
What they are thinking of.

## A PRELUDE

THIS is the sound of the Word
From the waters of sleep,
The rain-soft voice that was heard



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On the face of the deep,
When the fog was drawn back like a veil, and the sentinel tides
Were given their thresholds to keep.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Go far!"
And the silvery sea-folk heard,
Where their weed tents are,
From the long slow lift of the blue through the Carib keys,
To the thresh on Sable bar.

This is the Word that went by,
Over sun-land and swale,
The long Aprilian cry,
Clear, joyous, and hale,
When the summons went forth to the wild shy broods of the air,
To bid them once more to the trail.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be swift!"
And the fluttering sky-folk heard,
And the warm dark thrift
Of the nomad blood revived, and they gathered for flight,
By column and pair and drift.

This is the sound of the Word
From bud-sheath and blade,
When the reeds and the grasses conferred,
And a gold beam was laid
At the taciturn doors of the forest, where tarried the Sun,
For a sign they should not be dismayed.



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The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be glad!"
The abiding wood-folk heard,
In their new green clad,
Sanguine, mist-silver, and rose, while the sap in their veins
Welled up as of old all unsad.

This is the Word that flew
Over snow-marsh and glen,
When the frost-bound slumberers knew,
In tree-trunk and den,
Their bidding had come, they questioned not whence nor why, —
They reckoned not whither nor when.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be wise!"
The wintering ground-folk heard,
Put the dark from their eyes,
Put the sloth from sinew and thew, to wander and dare, —
Forever the old surmise!

This is the Word that came
To the spirit of Man,
And shook his soul like a flame
In the breath of a fan,
Till it burned as a light in his eyes, as a colour that grew
And prospered under the tan.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"
And the West Wind said, "Be free!"



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Then he rose and put on the new garb,
And knew he should be
The master of knowledge and joy, though sprung from the tribes
Of the earth and the air and the sea.

## THE NORTHERN MUSE

THE Northern Muse looked up
Into the ancient tree,
Where hang the seven olives,
And twine the roses three.

I heard, like the eternal
Susurrus of the sea,
Her *Scire quod sciendum*
*Da mihi, Domine!*

## THE TIME AND THE PLACE

"NEVER the time and the place
And the loved one all together!"
Ah, Browning, that does to tell!
But I have an eagle feather
Hid in my waistcoat too.

Yes, once in the wild June weather,
In God's own North befell
The joy not time shall undo
Nor the storm of years efface.



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*The Time and the Place*

Ah, master Browning, you hear?
If ever the time and the place
With aught of thy mood concur,
Far off in my golden year,
The solstice of my prime,
Youth done, age not begun,
The moment that soul is ripe
For the little touch of rhyme,
Then hearken! If there but stir
One breath of the Spirit of earth
Through me his frail reed-pipe,
(As the hermit-thrush
Rehearses the scene when the joy of the world had birth,
So sure, so fine,
Disturbing the hush,)
You shall hearken, and hear
Take rapture and sense and form in one perfect line
A golden lyric of Her!

## UNDER THE ROWANS

I SAW a little river
Running beside a wall,
And over it hung scarlet
The berried rowans tall.

Beside it for a moment
The summer-time delayed;
And cooler fell the sunlight
Through centuries of shade.



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And there was laughing Bronwen
A-wading to the knee.
While still the foolish water
Went racing to the sea.

I whistled, "Love, come over!"
She was too wild to fear
The wildness of the forest,
The ruin of the year.

And when the stars above us
Hung in the rowans high,
It was the little river
That made our lullaby.

Indoors, to-night, and fire-dreams!
And where I wander, far
Within a shining country
That needs no calendar,

There is a little river
Running beside a wall,
And over it hang scarlet
The berried rowans tall.

## THE GIRL IN THE POSTER

FOR A DESIGN BY ETHEL REED

WITH her head in the golden lilies,
She reads and is never done.
Why her girlish face so still is,
I know not under the sun.



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She is the soul of a woman,
Knowing whatever befalls;
And I a lonely human,
Dwelling within her walls.

She is the fair immortal
Daughter of truth and art;
And I, at her lowly portal,
May fare and be glad and depart.

In a region forever vernal,
She keeps her lilied state, —
My beautiful calm eternal
Mysteriarch of fate.

In a volume great and golden,
Would better beseem a sage,
Her downcast look is holden;
But I cannot see the page.

Picture, or printed column,
Or records, or cipherings, —
From the drooping lids so solemn
I guess at marvellous things.

Is it a rune she ponders, —
Word from an outer clime,
Where the spirit quests and wanders
Through long sidereal time?

Would she trammel her heart, or cumber
Her mind with our mortal needs?
Do the shadows quake and slumber
On the book wherein she reads?



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*The Girl in the Poster*

I know not. I know her being
Is impulse and mood to mine,
Till I voyage, without foreseeing
For a lost horizon line.

For her the spacious morrow;
But the humble day for me,
In the little house of sorrow
By the unbefriending sea.

Her hair is a raven glory;
Her chin is pointed and small;
What is the wonderful story
Keeps her forever in thrall?

Her mouth is little and childly;
Her brow is innocent broad;
Meekly she reads and mildly, —
Would neither condemn nor applaud.

Would that I too, a-reading,
Might half of her wisdom find,
In the gold flowers there unheeding, —
The calm of an open mind!

Day long, as I keep the homely
Round of my chambers here,
Her beauty is modest and comely,
Her presence living and near.

Till it seems I must recover
A day in the ilex grove,
Where I was a destined lover,
And she was destined for love.



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I remember the woods we strayed in,
And the mountain paths we trod,
When she was a Doric maiden,
And I was a young Greek god.

And I have the haunting fancy,
The moment my back is turned,
By some Eastern necromancy
Only the artists have learned,

Two great grave eyes are lifted
To follow me round the room,
And a sudden breath has shifted
A leaf in the Book of Doom.

## ON THE STAIRS

FROM glory up to glory
On the great stairs of time,
I track the ghostly whisper
That bids a mortal climb.

I pass the gorgeous threshold
Of many an open door,
Where, luring and illusive,
The pageant gleams once more.

Up the Potomac Valley
I see the April come;
Here it is May in Paris;
Here is my Ardise home;



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*On the Stairs*

These are the Scituate marshes;
This is a Norman town;
These are the dikes of Grand Pré; —
Ah, tell no more, Renown!

I pass the open portals,
Irresolute and fond, —
Desert the masque of beauty
For Beauty's self beyond.

For down the echoing stairway
Of being, I have heard
The faint immortal secret
Shut in a mortal word, —

The tawny velvet accent
Of Lilith, as she came
Into the great blue garden
And breathed her lover's name.

## THE DESERTED INN

I CAME to a deserted inn,
Standing apart, alone;
A place where human joy had been,
And only winds made moan.

I entered by the spacious hall,
With not a soul to see;
The echo of my own footfall
Was ghostly there to me.



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I came upon a sudden door,
Which gave me no reply;
The more I questioned it, the more
A questioner was I.

I lingered by the mouldy stair,
And by the dusty sill;
And when my faint heart said, "Beware!"
The silence said, "Be still!"

From room to room I caught the stir
Of garments vanishing, —
The stillness trying to demur,
When one has ceased to sing.

Like shadows of the clouds which make
The loneliness of noon,
The thing I could not overtake
Was but an instant gone.

'T was summer when I reached the inn;
The apples were in bloom;
Before I left, the snow drove in,
The frost was like a doom.

At last I came upon the book
Where visitors of yore
Had writ their names, ere joy forsook
The House of Rest-no-more.

Poor fellow-travellers, beset
With hungers not of earth!
Did you, too, tarry here in debt
For things of perished worth?



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Did something lure you like a strain
Of music wild and vast,
Only to freeze your blood again
With jeers when you had passed?

Did visions of a fairer thing
Than God has ever made
Fleet through your doorways in the spring,
And would not be delayed?

Did beauty in a half-made song,
A smile of mystery,
Departing, leave you here to long
For what could never be, —

And thenceforth you were friends of peace,
Acquainted with unrest,
Whom no perfection could release
From the unworldly quest?

I heard a sound of women's tears,
More desolate than the sea,
Sigh through the chambers of the years
Unto eternity.

And then beyond the fathom of sense
I knew, as the dead know,
My lost ideal had journeyed thence
Unnumbered years ago.

And from that dwelling of the night,
With the gray dusk astir,
I waited for the first gold light
To let me forth to Her.



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## THE OPEN DOOR

LOVE me, love me not, —
What is that to me?
I have not forgot
When we two were three.

She who loved us twain
Well enough to die, —
Can we love again
While her ghost stands by?

Love me, love me not, —
I can love no more,
For the empty cot
And the open door.

## JAPANESE LOVE-SONG

HOW you start away!
— As a flame starts from a gust.
Flame-heart o' the dust!
Sudden startle of dismay!
Swift triumph in distrust!

Flash and tremble of escape,
Fierce with desire!
Rippled water shot with fire
Wary of the rape
Of the eyes that sire!

Radiant no-and-yes!
Deer-flight and panther-thirst!
Blest and accurst!
Sword-splendour past the guess
Of Heaven's best and Hell's worst!



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*Japanese Love-Song*

So you sprang up from yourself,
Burnt to supremacies,
Star-demoned by a kiss —
Night turned fire-elf, —
Wonder and all amiss!

## "HOW SHOULD LOVE KNOW?"

HOW should Love know
The face of sorrow?
Love is so young a thing!
Roses that blow
To-day, lie to-morrow
Faded and withering.

## UNFORESEEN

WHY did I kiss you, sweet?
Nor you nor I can say.
You might have said some commonplace,
I might have turned away.

No thought was in our hearts
Of what we were to be.
Fate sent a madness on our souls
And swept us out to sea.

Fate, between breath and breath,
Has made the world anew,
And the bare skies of yesterday
Are all aflame with you.



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## CHILD'S SONG

*But just across the furthest hill*
*I know the fairies live.*

PLEASE, sir, take me in your carriage
And ride me home! You see,
I 've been to find the fairies
And I 'm tired as I can be.

I crossed the meadow and the brook
And climbed Rapalye's hill,
But when I reached the top of it
There was another still.

## HARMONICS

"TRUTH is not a creed,
For it does not need
Ever an apology.
Truth is not an ology;
'T is not part, but all.
Priests and savans shall
Never solve the mystic
Problem. The artistic
Mind alone of all can tell
What is Truth.

"Poet, thou art wisest;
Dogmas thou despisest —
Science little prizest.
Tell us, for thou knowest well,
What is Truth."

Spake the seekers to an holy
Bard, who answered, mild and lowly —
This, all this, was in the olden
Days when Saturn's reign was golden —



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*Harmonics*

"Shall I read the riddle —
Tell you what is Truth?
Truth is not the first
Not the last or middle;
'T is the beautiful
And symmetric whole,
Embracing best and worst,
Embracing age and youth.

"All the universe
Is one mighty song,
Wherein every star
Chants out loud and strong
Each set note and word
It must aye rehearse.
Though the parts may jar,
The whole is as one chord."

## ORNITHOLOGY

SWEETHEART, do you see up yonder through the leaves
The elm tree interweaves,
How that cock-sparrow chases his brown mate?
Look, where she perches now
Upon the bough
And turns her head to see if he pursue her,
Half frightened, half elate
To have so bold and beautiful a wooer.
See, he alights beside her. How his wings
Quiver with amorous passionings!
How voluble their chattering courtship is!
Soon will he know
Love's joys in overflow,
Love's extreme ecstasies.



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No, off she flies!
Just as she seemed about to be subdued
To his impetuous desire!
How angrily he scolds, with wicked eyes
Following her flight, and turns his tiny ire
Against the innocent tree and pecks the wood!
While she — ah, the coquette! —
Lurks yonder in the cleft where the great tree
Breaks into boughs, and peeps about to see
If he is coming yet.
She 's in for a game of lovers' hide-and-seek,
And longs to have him find the hiding-place,
Although she feigns concealment, so to pique
His passion to a chase.

In vain — he will not look
For all her sweet allurements. Out she whisks
Demurely from her nook,
As if she did not see and were not seen,
And perks herself and frisks
Her delicate tail as a lady flirts her fan,
And now slips back again to her retreat
And waits for one hushed moment in serene
Unfluttered expectation that the plan
Have issue sweet.
What, will he not come yet?
See how she glances at him unawares,
Tosses her head and gives herself high airs
In such a pretty pet.

Cruel! he turns away,
Affecting unconcern.
All those endearing wiles are wrought in vain.
Alas, unlucky flirt! too late you learn
That long delays will make the eagerest lover



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*Ornithology* Aweary of pursuing. Nay,
Too late you fly half way to him again.
You will not so recover
The passion that you played with. Off he flies
And now is lost in the thick shade
Of lilac bushes further down the glade.
Another mistress charms his amorous eyes.
Have a care, sweetheart, or as he some day
I too will fly away.

## TO AN IRIS

THOU art a golden iris
Under a purple wall,
Whereon the burning sunlight
And greening shadows fall.

What Summer night's enchantment
Took up the garden mould,
And with the falling star-dust
Refined it to such gold?

What wonder of white magic
Bidding thy soul aspire,
Filled that luxurious body
With languor and with fire?

Wert thou not once a beauty
In Persia or Japan,
For whom, by toiling seaway
Or dusty caravan,

Of old some lordly lover
Brought countless treasure home
Of gems and silk and attar,
To pleasure thee therefrom?



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Pale amber from the Baltic,
Soft rugs of Indian ply,
Stuffs from the looms of Bagdad
Stained with the Tyrian dye.

Were thy hands bright with henna,
Thy lashes black with kohl,
Thy voice like silver water
Out of an earthen bowl?

Or was thy only tent-cloth
The blue Astartean night,
Thy soul to beauty given,
Thy body to delight?

Wert thou not well desired,
And was not life a boon,
When Tanis held in Sidon
Her Mysteries of the Moon?

There in her groves of ilex
The nightingales made ring
With the mad lyric chorus
Of youth and love and Spring,

Wert thou not glad to worship
With some blond Paphian boy,
Illumined by new knowledge
And intimate with joy?

And did not the Allmother
Smile in the hushed dim light,
Hearing thy stifled laughter
Disturb her holy rite?



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Ah, well thou must have served her
In wise and gracious ways,
With more than vestal fervour,
A loved one all thy days!

And dost thou, then, revisit
Our borders at her will,
Child of the sultry rapture,
Waif of the Orient still?

Because thy love was fearless
And fond and strong and free,
Art thou not her last witness
To our apostasy?

Just at the height of summer,
The joy-days of the year,
She bids, for our reproval,
Thy radiance appear.

Oh, Iris, let thy spirit
Enkindle our gross clay,
Bring back the lost earth-passion
For beauty to our day!

To-night, when down the marshes
The lilac half-lights fade,
And on the rosy shore-line
No earthly spell is laid,

I would be thy new lover,
With the dark life renewed
By our great mother Tanis
And thy solicitude.



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Feel slowly change this vesture
Of mortal flesh and bone,
Transformed by her soft witch-work
To one more like thine own.

Become but as the rain-wind
(Who am but dust indeed),
To slake thy velvet ardour
And soothe thy darling need.

To dream and waken with thee
Under the night's blue sail,
As the wild odours freshen,
Till the white stars grow pale.

## BERRIS YARE

### A LEGEND OF THE BRIER ROSE

*Once in the fairy tale sweet Rose Brier*
*Climbed to the bent of her heart's desire.*
*Poor Rose Brier, as I've heard tell,*
*Never came back with her folk to dwell.*

*This is the legend of sweet Brier Rose*
*Out of a country that nobody knows.*
*Dear Brier Rose could never aspire,*
*Yet came at length to her heart's desire.*

SINGLE-HEART Brier Rose, gipsy desire
Eyes of the Hush-hound and crispy dark hair,
Lyric of summer dawn, dew-drench and fire,
Wilding and gentle and shy Berris Yare!

Bide with me, Brier Rose, here for an hour.
See the red sun, like a great royal rose,
Flung down the gray for the winter's king flower,
While Marden sleeps in his mantle of snows.



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*Berris Yare* Far-wandered Brier Rose, how came we here,
Alien, ease-loving, alone in this North?
White winter, laid at the heart of the year,
Heeds us not, needs us not, leads us not forth.

Long ago, Brier Rose, loved we not thus?
Was it when Alaric marched against Rome?
Others might win the world; leave love for us!
Dost thou remember the Visigoth home?

Think again, Summer-heart. Canst not recall
When thou wert Brier Rose gladsome and fair?
How I remember thee, shapely and tall, —
Far away, long ago thee, Berris Yare!

Sword-play for Brier Rose, war song and march;
Throstle for joy bade the waking world sing;
Morning waved banners out bold from the larch;
When we went down on the legions in spring.

Bracelets for Brier Rose, wrought Roman gold;
Tribute and trophy poured plenty as sand;
Frost on the flower-garth, rime on the wold;
When we came triumphing back through the land.

How thy cheek, Brier Rose, signalled aflame;
How the song rang of the foemen downborne;
How the brown eyes kindled up as we came
Through the bowed ranks of the gleaming red corn!

Then the long days when the harvest was done;
Hand in hand, hill and dale, thou and I there,
Dreaming of far-off new isles of the sun, —
Never a dream of this day, Berris Yare!



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Fairy-tale, home-royal red of the rose,
Wilding and well-a-day sweet of the brier!
Here in the gray world engirdled with snows,
Watch the slow sun set the hilltops afire!

What if, my Brier Rose, love were just this:
One gracious core of the whirled starry dust,
Round which the swinging motes, never amiss,
Traverse the infinite dark as they must.

All the earth else a mere seed-plot of clay,
Fruitless and flowerless, mixed garden mould,
Awaiting the gardener, inert, to obey
When the first sunbeam bids, "Blossoms, unfold!"

Then the whole host of them, gold daffodils;
Poppies so well of red dreamland aware;
Michaelmas daisies smoke blue on the hills;
None like my Brier Rose, my Berris Yare.

Acres of apple-bloom, maids at the door;
Wind-hands of summer with heart-strings to pull;
Fruit to the harvesting, men to the war;
Come winter speedily, love's year is full.

Cherry-mouth Brier Rose, washed in the dew,
Kiss me again before daylight be done, —
Once for the old love and twice for the new,
Thrice for the dearest love under the sun!



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*Berris Yare* Gold heart of sundowns and summers forgot!
Treasure of solitude, simple and wild!
God in our poem missed rhyme by a jot;
Life never yet with poor love reconciled.

Wert thou not Brier Rose once on a time?
Attar of memory, chivalry's dare!
Love 's the lost echo of flute-notes at prime,
Wondrous, far wandering. Hark, Berris Yare!

Only the leaves of the oaks brown and sere,
Garrulous wiseacre, doting old leaves,
Go whisper others your cumber-world fear, —
Kill-joy foreboding that croaks and deceives!

Heed them not, Brier Rose. Hearken again!
Nothing? No breath of the music to be?
Ah! but I hear the low footfall of rain, —
April's clan Joy making in from the sea.

April. Think, Brier Rose! how the earth's heart,
Brook rapture, bird rapture, riot of rills,
Stirs with old dreams that rend slumber apart!
Then the long twilight dim-blue on the hills.

Hills that will talk to me when thou art gone, —
That old solicitude, calming despair,
Sweet as the sundown, austere as the dawn, —
"Love that lost Brier Rose, found Berris Yare."



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April. Then, Brier Rose, some silent eve, *Berris Yare*
While the dusk hears the hill-rivers give tongue,
In the first swamp-robin I shall perceive
One golden strain that, when being was young,

Kin to the world-cry and kith to the stars,
Pierced human sorrows such ages ago.
Leisurely fluting in gold, broken bars
Comes the rehearsal, serenely and slow,

Prelude, re-prelude; and then the full throat,
Mellowly, mellowly —— stops mid-stream ——
Wearily, wearily. —— What may denote
Such incompleteness? Can love be the theme?

Brother of Brier Rose, flute-master mine
(Then will this heart-ache out cry to him there),
Thou with the secret in that flute of thine,
Where is my dream-fellow, lost Berris Yare?

## A MODERN ECLOGUE

**SHE**

IF you were ferryman at Charon's ford,
And I came down the bank and called to you,
Waved you my hand and asked to come aboard,
And threw you kisses there, what would you do?

Would there be such a crowd of other girls,
Pleading and pale and lonely as the sea,
You 'd growl in your old beard, and shake your curls,
And say there was no room for little me?



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Would you remember each of them in turn?
Put all your faded fancies in the bow,
And all the rest before you in the stern,
And row them out with panic on your brow?

If I came down and offered you my fare
And more beside, could you refuse me there?

HE

If I were ferryman in Charon's place,
And ran that crazy scow with perilous skill,
I should be so worn out with keeping trace
Of gibbering ghosts and bidding them sit still,

If you should come with daisies in your hands,
Strewing their petals on the sombre stream, —
"He will come," and "He won't come," down the lands
Of pallid reverie and ghostly dream, —

I would let every clamouring shape stand there,
And give its shadowy lungs free vent in vain,
While you with earthly roses in your hair,
And I grown young at sight of you again,

Went down the stream once more at half-past seven
To find some brand-new continent of heaven.



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## FROM THE CLIFF

HERE on this ledge, the broad plain stretched below,
The calm hills smiling in immortal mirth,
The blue sky whitening as it nears the earth,
Afar where all the summits are aglow,
I feel a mighty wind upon me blow
Like God's breath kindling in my soul a birth
Of turbulent music struggling to break girth.
I pass with Dante through eternal woe,
Quiver with Sappho's passion at my heart,
See Pindar's chariots flashing past the goal,
Triumph o'er splendours of unutterable light
And know supremely this, O God, — Thou art,
Feeling in all this tumult of my soul
Grand kinship with the glory of Thy might.

## SEA SONNETS

I

OUT with the tide — afar, afar, afar,
Where will the wide dark take us, you and me —
The darkness and the tempest and the sea?
How long we waited where the tall ships are,
Disconsolate and safe within the bar!
Ocean forever calling us, but we —
God, how we stifled there, nor dared be free
With a sharp knife and night and the wild dare!
But now, the hawser cut, adrift, away —
Mad with escape, what care we to what doom



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The bitter night may bear us? Lost, alone,
In a vague world of roaring surge astray,
Out with the tide and into the unknown,
Compassed about with rapture and the gloom!

II

We two, waifs, wide-eyed and without fear,
With the dark swirl of life about our prow,
The hollow, heedless swash of year on year
That bears us on and recks not where nor how!
Our skiff is but a feather on the foam,
No mighty galleon strong to meet the storm—
An open boat — God's gift to us for home,
And but each other's arms to keep us warm!
What port for us to make? Our only star
To steer by is the star of missing sails,
Our only haven where the kelpies are —
Yet, you great merchantmen with freighted bales,
Rebel and lost and aimless as we go,
We keep a joy your pride can never know.

III

Moon of my midlight! Moon of the dark sea,
Where like a petrel's ghost my sloop is driven!
Behold, about me and under and over me,
The darkness and the waters and the heaven —
Huge, shapeless monsters as of worlds in birth,
Dragons of Fate, that hold me not in scope —
Bar up my way with fierce, indifferent mirth,
And fall in giant frolic on my hope.



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Their next mad rush may whelm me in the wave, *Sea Sonnets*
The dreaded horror of the sightless deep —
Only thy love, like moonlight, pours to save
My soul from the despairs that lunge and leap.
Moon of my night, though hell and death assail,
The tremble of thy light is on my sail.

## AT A SUMMER RESORT

I MISS you so by day, your look, your walk,
The rustle of your draperies on the stair,
Our Leyden-jar-fuls of electric talk,
The sense of you about me everywhere.
The people bore me in the boarding-house,
I hardly can accord them *yes* or *no*;
The beauty of the valleys can arouse
No such elation as a year ago.
But when the last dull guest has gone to bed
And only crickets keep me company,
In the mesmeric night when truth is said —
When you, dear loveliness with drooping eye,
Demurely enter through the unreal wall,
And I forget you went away at all.

## NEW YORK

THE low line of the walls that lie outspread
Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime,
The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
The domes and steeples rising overhead!



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*New York*

It is not these. Rather it is the tread
Of the million heavy feet that keep sad time
To heavy thoughts, the want that mothers crime,
The weary toiling for a bitter bread,
The perishing of poets for renown,
The shriek of shame from the concealing waves.
Ah, me! how many heart-beats day by day
Go to make up the life of the vast town!
O myriad dead in unremembered graves!
O torrent of the living down Broadway!

## A GROTESQUE

OUR Gothic minds have gargoyle fancies. Odd,
That there will come a day when you and I
Shall not be you and I, that we shall lie,
We two, in the damp earth-mould, above each clod
A drunken headstone in the neglected sod,
Thereon the phrase, *Hic Jacet*, worn awry,
And then our virtues, bah! — and piety —
Perhaps some cheeky reference to God!
And haply after many a century
Some spectacled old man shall drive the birds
A moment from their song in the lonely spot
And make a copy of the quaint old words —
They will then be quaint and old — and all for what?
To fill a gap in a genealogy.



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## WHEN THE PRIEST LEFT

WHAT did he say?
To seek love otherwhere
Nor bind the soul to clay?
It may be so — I cannot tell —
But I know that life is fair,
And love's bold clarion in the air
Outdins his little vesper-bell.

Love God? Can I touch God with both my hands?
Can I breathe in his hair and brush his cheek
He is too far to seek.
If nowhere else be love, who understands
What thing it is?
This love is but a name that wise men speak.
God hath no lips to kiss.

Let God be; surely, if he will,
At the end of days,
He can win love as well as praise.
Why must we spill
The human love out at his feet?
Let be this talk of good and ill!
Though God be God, art thou not fair and sweet?

Open the window; let the air
Blow in on us.
It is enough to find you fair,
To touch with fingers timorous
Your sunlit hair, —
To turn my body to a prayer,
And kiss you — thus.



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## THE GIFT OF ART A FRAGMENT

I DREAMED that a child was born; and at his birth
The Angel of the Word stood by the hearth
And spake to her that bare him: "Look without!
Behold the beauty of the Day, the shout
Of colour to glad colour, rocks and trees
And sun and sea and wind and sky! All these
Are God's expression, art-work of his hand,
Which men must love ere they may understand,
By which alone he speaks till they have grace
To hear his voice and look upon his face.
For first and last of all things in the heart
Of God as man the glory is of art.
What gift could God bestow or man beseech,
Save spirit unto spirit uttered speech?
Wisdom were not, for God himself could find
No way to reach the unresponsive mind,
Sweet Love were dead, and all the crowded skies
A loneliness and not a Paradise.
Teach the child language, mother. . . ."

## TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THOUGH aiblins some deserve as highly
O' that braw winsome lass an' wily
Wha gi'es a kiss to bardies slyly
An' sets 'em liltin',
I ken there's nane can equal Riley
To 'scape her jiltin'.
How comes it, man, ye ken sae well
The Muse's tricks? Hae ye a spell



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To keep her sae a' to yoursel',
An' fu' in Fame's e'e?
Fame? — let *that* hizzie gae to hell!
Here 's to you, Jamesie!

*To James Whitcomb Riley*

## TO RUDYARD KIPLING

WHAT need have you of praising? Could I find
Some lonely poet no one praises yet,
Him rather would I choose, that he might know
A fellow-craftsman knew him, marked him, loved.
But you — the whole world praises you. What need
Have you of any speech I have to give?
Yet for the craft's sake I must give you praise;
And for the craft's sake you will pardon me.
But I would rather meet you face to face
And talk of other and indifferent things,
And say no word of all that I would say,
Praise and thanksgiving for your splendid song,
Praise and the pride of the empires of the Blood —
But leave you, silent, as we English do —
And you would know — and you would understand.

## ROMANY SIGNS

*On the publication of "Patrins," by Louise Imogen Guiney.*

IF I should wander out some afternoon
About the end of May or early June,
And at a crossroads in the hills discover
A spray of apple or a sprig of clover,



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Set for a sign to tell who went that way,
Which road he took and how he fared that day,
"Ho, ho," I 'd whistle, "here 's a gipsy token,
As plain as if the very word were spoken."

Then down I turn, hot foot, and off I trudge
Hard on his trail, while sceptics mutter, "Fudge!"
They know the way, these travel-wise Egyptians,
And I — enough to follow their inscriptions.

So, bless you! in a mile or two at most,
I 've overtaken, almost passed, my host
Camped in the finest grove in all the county
And bidding me to supper on his bounty.

There 's nothing like a bit of open sky
To give a touch of poetry to pie;
And here 's a poem (call it Sphinx in Myrtle)
Would make an alderman forget his turtle.

Now, there 's a Romany in Auburndale,
Wild as a faun and sound as cakes and ale,
One of the tribe of Stevenson and Borrow,
Who live to-day and let alone to-morrow.

(God keeps a few still living in the sun, —
The man who wrote The Seven Seas, for one,
And Island Stoddard, — just to prove the folly
Of smug repose and pious melancholy.)

So when I see her signal in the hedge,
(I mean her new book on the counter's edge,)
"Ho, ho," say I, "that Guiney 's broken loose again,
Cut a new quill and put her craft to use again."



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Enough for me! I 'm off. And, fellows all,
Who could resist the Auburndalean call
To go a-foraging? That 's what the spring 's for,
What bards have wits and bumblebees have wings for.

I 'll warrant here 's a road to Arcady
With goodly cheer and merry company,
Skirting the pleasant foot-hills of Philosophy,
Far from the quaggy marshes of Theosophy.

O for the trail, wherever it may lead,
From small credulity to larger creed,
Till we behold this world without detraction
As God did seven times with satisfaction!

## THE MAN WITH THE TORTOISE

TO W. M. F.

SUCH curious things the mind bids stay,
Of the thousand and one that pass it by!
The morning we walked through Paris in May,
If you remember as well as I,

There happened — a nothing — an incident —
One of those trifles that flit half seen,
Save where the spirit sits intent,
Furtive and shy at her window screen.

The servants' gossip of eye and ear
May surge and hum at her door in spring
Of the pageant of beauty drawing near,
But she — she is watching a stranger thing!



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The myriad rabble of fact and form
May gleam till the senses dance with glee;
But calm, unmoved as the very norm
And centre of being, muses she;

Indifferent to loveliness, line or hue,
Till a chance bird-wing or a slant sun-ray
May fall as prompt as an actor's cue,
And there is her part. So it was that day.

We had turned from your door in the rue Vignon,
The third on the left from the Madelaine. . . .
Forget it? There 's no forgetting when one
Is come at length to his Castle in Spain.

For you were the friend I had loved of old,
And pictured so often in Paris here,
And promised myself some day to hold
Unaltered and safe and sound, no fear.

For our mistress Nature is great and wise,
And the love of her is eternity;
But there comes a day when a man must rise
And go where the heart in him longs to be.

So the sea was crossed, and the hour was come;
It was hand on shoulder with us once more.
There was speech enough though the lips were dumb,
When I stood at last at your modest door.

Your breakfast of capon and Burgundy,
Our talk of Harvard and Norton's fame,
And your friend the Druse, with cigars laid by —
Your gift from the Baroness What 's-her-name.



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*The Man with the Tortoise*

Then into the street of the Capucines
In the blaze of the Paris sun we strolled;
Once more at touch of your blithe light mien
I knew how a springflower breaks the mould.

Through the gay May weather when life was good,
Idly we sauntered from block to block,
Till round a corner appeared, and stood,
A fellow in workman's cap and smock,

Basket on arm and whistling low
To something held in the rough right hand.
A tortoise! Yes, and the creature, so,
Grown tame at the music's soft command,

Emboldened to peep from the safe snug shell,
Had pushed up its head to the whistler's face,
The least of wild things under the spell
Of the last and humblest of Orpheus' race.

A fragment from some Greek Idyllist,
The plain good look of the bolder text,
Preserving for us the colour and gist
Of a simple age and a life unvexed.

Did the beast recall how the syrinx blew
When his father Pan first notched a reed?
Was it some familiar note he knew
In the workman's whistle that made him heed?

Did there wake remembrance dim and large
Of the drench and glamour, the mist and gleam,
Of a morning once by the shining marge
And murmurous run of a Dorian stream?



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Or was it only the reedy plash
Of a Norman river, sunny and small,
Where a sound of wind in the scarlet ash,
Blown high, blown low, once held him thrall?

Was there nought but the sweet luxurious thrill
Of the senses, strung to rhythm and time?
No shadow of soul, to remember and fill
The shell that day with a joy sublime?

So still, as for very life he feared
To lose one note of the wild sweet strain.
Ah, mortal, blow till thy breath has cleared
Ages of dust from a haunted brain!

And often I think, as the days go by,
Of our whistling man and the small mute friend
He had charmed. And a scrap of legendry
Has always given the thought a trend.

An Indian myth (you will pardon its worth!)
Says a tortoise, firm in his arching shell,
Upbears the creature that bears the earth;
But what holds the tortoise none can tell.

The tortoise, I venture, may symbolise
The husk of being, the outward world,
The substance of beauty, each form and guise
Where the lurking mind is ensheathed, encurled.

And suppose at the lip of the shell there stood
A mortal bent on the strange and new,
Trying each cadence wild and rude,
Till the magic melody he blew!



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What glimpse to that cunning dweller in clay
Might not the old tortoise Earth afford
Of her very self, some morning in May,
Emerged for once to the perfect chord!

## THE SCEPTICS

IT was the little leaves beside the road.

Said Grass, "What is that sound
So dismally profound,
That detonates and desolates the air?"
"That is St. Peter's bell,"
Said rain-wise Pimpernel;
"He is music to the godly,
Though to us he sounds so oddly,
And he terrifies the faithful unto prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So woebegone and penitent and meek?"
"They 're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something very like a smile
Ran through the naughty little leaves.



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*The Sceptics* Said Grass, "What is that noise
That startles and destroys
Our blessed summer brooding when we 're tired?"
"That 's folk a-praising God,"
Said the tough old cynic Clod;
"They do it every Sunday,
They 'll be all right on Monday;
It 's just a little habit they 've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves.

## A THANKSGIVING

I THANK thee, Earth, for water good,
The sea's great bath of buoyant green
Or the cold mountain torrent's flood,
That I may keep this body clean.

I thank thee more for goodly wine,
That wise as Omar I may be,
Or Horace when he went to dine
With Lydia or with Lalage.

## A STACCATO TO O LE LUPE

O LE LUPE, Gelett Burgess, this is very sad to find:
In *The Bookman* for September, in a manner most unkind,
There appears a half-page picture, makes me think I 've lost my mind.



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They have reproduced a window, — Doxey's window, — (I dare say *A Staccato to O Le Lupe*
In your rambles you have seen it, passed it twenty times a day,)
As "A Novel Exhibition of Examples of Decay."

There is Nordau we all sneer at, and Verlaine we all adore,
And a little book of verses with its betters by the score,
With three faces on the cover I believe I've seen before.

Well, here's matter for reflection, makes me wonder where I am.
Here is Ibsen the gray lion, linked to Beardsley the black lamb.
I was never out of Boston; all that I can say is, "Damn!"

Who could think, in two short summers we should cause so much remark,
With no purpose but our pastime, and to make the public hark,
When I soloed on *The Chap-Book*, and you answered with *The Lark!*

Do young people take much pleasure when they read that sort of thing?
"Well, they buy it," answered Doxey, "and I take what it will bring.
Publishers may dread extinction — not with such fads on the string.





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*A Staccato to O Le Lupe*

"There is always sale for something, and demand for what is new.
These young men who are so restless, and have nothing else to do,
Like to think there is 'a movement,' just to keep themselves in view.

"There is nothing in Decadence but the magic of a name.
People talk and papers drivel, scent a vice, and hint a shame;
And all that is good for business, helps to boom my little game."

But when I sit down to reason, think to stand upon my nerve,
Meditate on portly leisure with a balance in reserve,
In he comes with his "Decadence!" like a fly in my preserve.

I can see myself, O Burgess, half a century from now,
Laid to rest among the ghostly, like a broken toy somehow,
All my lovely songs and ballads vanished with your "Purple Cow."

But I will return some morning, though I know it will be hard,
To Cornhill among the bookstalls, and surprise some minor bard,
Turning over their old rubbish for the treasures we discard.





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I shall warn him like a critic, creeping when his back is turned,
"Ink and paper, dead and done with; Doxey spent what Doxey earned;
Poems doubtless are immortal, where a poem can be discerned!"

How his face will go to ashes, when he feels his empty purse!
How he 'll wish his vogue were greater; plume himself it is no worse;
Then go bother the dear public with his puny little verse!

Don't I know how he will pose it; patronize our larger time;
"Poor old Browning; little Kipling; what attempts they made to rhyme!"
Just let me have half an hour with that nincompoop sublime!

I will haunt him like a purpose, I will ghost him like a fear;
When he least expects my presence, I 'll be mumbling in his ear,
"O Le Lupe lived in Frisco, and I lived in Boston here.

"Never heard of us? Good heavens, can you never have been told
Of the *Larks* we used to publish, and the *Chap-Books* that we sold?
Where are all our first editions?" I feel damp and full of mould.



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## A SPRING FEELING

I THINK it must be spring. I feel
All broken up and thawed.
I 'm sick of everybody's " wheel; "
I 'm sick of being jawed.

I am too winter-killed to live,
Cold-sour through and through.
O Heavenly Barber, come and give
My soul a dry shampoo!

I 'm sick of all these nincompoops,
Who weep through yards of verse,
And all these sonneteering dupes
Who whine and froth and curse.

I 'm sick of seeing my own name
Tagged to some paltry line,
While this old *corpus* without shame
Sits down to meat and wine.

I 'm sick of all these Yellow Books,
And all these Bodley Heads;
I 'm sick of all these freaks and spooks
And frights in double leads.

When good Napoleon's publisher
Was dangled from a limb,
He should have had an editor
On either side of him.

I 'm sick of all this taking on
Under a foreign name;
For when you call it *decadent*,
It 's rotten just the same.



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*A Spring Feeling*

I 'm sick of all this puling trash
And namby-pamby rot, —
A Pegasus you have to thrash
To make him even trot!

An Age-end Art! I would not give,
For all their plotless plays,
One round Falstaffian adjective
Or one Miltonic phrase.

I 'm sick of all this poppycock
In bilious green and blue;
I 'm tired to death of taking stock
Of everything that 's " New."

New Art, New Movements, and New Schools,
All maimed and blind and halt!
And all the fads of the New Fools
Who cannot earn their salt.

I 'm sick of the New Woman, too.
Good Lord, she 's worst of all.
Her rights, her sphere, her point of view,
And all that folderol!

She makes me wish I were the snake
Inside of Eden's wall,
To give the tree another shake,
And see another fall.

I 'm very much of Byron's mind;
I like sufficiency;
But just the common garden kind
Is good enough for me.



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*A Spring Feeling*

I want to find a warm beech wood,
And lie down, and keep still;
And swear a little; and feel good;
Then loaf on up the hill,

And let the Spring house-clean my brain,
Where all this stuff is crammed;
And let my heart grow sweet again;
And let the Age be damned.

## HER VALENTINE

WHAT, send her a valentine? Never!
I see you don't know who "she" is.
I should ruin my chances forever;
My hopes would collapse with a fizz.

I can't see why she scents such disaster
When I take heart to venture a word;
I 've no dream of becoming her master,
I 've no notion of being her lord.

All I want is to just be her lover!
She 's the most up-to-date of her sex,
And there 's such a multitude of her,
No wonder they call her complex.

She 's a bachelor, even when married,
She 's a vagabond, even when housed;
And if ever her citadel 's carried
Her suspicions must not be aroused.



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She 's erratic, impulsive and human,
And she blunders, — as goddesses can ;
But if *she's* what they call the New Woman,
Then *I'd* like to be the New Man.

I 'm glad she makes books and paints pictures,
And typewrites and hoes her own row,
And it 's quite beyond reach of conjectures
How much further she 's going to go.

When she scorns, in the L-road, my proffer
Of a seat and hangs on to a strap;
I admire her so much, I could offer
To let her ride up on my lap.

Let her undo the stays of the ages,
That have cramped and confined her so long!
Let her burst through the frail candy cages
That fooled her to think they were strong!

She may enter life 's wide vagabondage,
She may do without flutter or frill,
She may take off the chains of her bondage,—
And anything else that she will.

She may take *me* off, for example,
And she probably does when I 'm gone.
I 'm aware the occasion is ample ;
That 's why I so often take on.

I 'm so glad she can win her own dollars
And know all the freedom it brings.
I love her in shirt-waists and collars,
I love her in dress-reform things.



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*Her Valentine*

I love her in bicycle skirtlings —
Especially when there 's a breeze —
I love her in crinklings and quirklings
And anything else that you please.

I dote on her even in bloomers —
If Parisian enough in their style —
In fact, she may choose her costumers,
Wherever her fancy beguile.

She may box, she may shoot, she may wrestle,
She may argue, hold office or vote,
She may engineer turret or trestle,
And build a few ships that will float.

She may lecture (all lectures but curtain)
Make money, and naturally spend,
If I let her have *her* way, I 'm certain
She 'll let me have *mine* in the end!

## IN PHILISTIA

OF all the places on the map,
Some queer and others queerer,
Arcadia is dear to me,
Philistia is dearer.

There dwell the few who never knew
The pangs of heavenly hunger,
As fresh and fair and fond and frail
As when the world was younger.



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If there is any sweeter sound
Than bobolinks or thrushes,
It is the *frou-frou* of their silks —
The roll of their barouches.

I love them even when they 're good,
As well as when they 're sinners —
When they are sad and worldly wise
And when they are beginners.

(I say I do ; of course the fact,
For better or for worse, is,
My unerratic life denies
My too erotic verses.)

I dote upon their waywardness,
Their foibles and their follies.
If there 's a madder pate than Di's,
Perhaps it may be Dolly's.

They have no "problems" to discuss,
No "theories" to discover ;
They are not "new" ; and I — I am
Their very grateful lover.

I care not if their minds confuse
Alastor with Aladdin ;
And Cimabue is far less
To them than Chimmie Fadden.

They never heard of William Blake,
Nor saw a Botticelli ;
Yet one is, "Yours till death, Louise,"
And one, "Your loving Nelly."



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*In Philistia*

They never tease me for my views,
Nor tax me with my grammar;
Nor test me on the latest news,
Until I have to stammer.

They never talk about their "moods,"
They never know they have them;
The world is good enough for them,
And that is why I love them.

They never puzzle me with Greek,
Nor drive me mad with Ibsen;
Yet over forms as fair as Eve's
They wear the gowns of Gibson.

## PEACE

THERE is peace, you say. I believe you.
Peace? Ay, we know it well —
Not the peace of the smile of God, but the peace of the leer of Hell,
Peace, that the rich may fatten and barter their souls for gain,
Peace, that the hungry may slay and rob the corpse of the slain,
Peace, that the heart of the people may rot with a vile gangrene.
What though the men are bloodless! What's a man to a machine?

Here you come with your Economics. If ever the Devil designed
A science, 't was yours, I doubt not, a study to Hell's own mind,



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Merciless, soulless, sordid, the science of selfish greed, *Peace*
Blind to the light of wisdom, and deaf to the voice of need.
And you prate of the wealth of nations, as if it were bought and sold!
The wealth of nations is men, not silk and cotton and gold.

How will you measure in money the cost of knowledge and Art?
Is honour valued in bank-notes? Can you pay for a broken heart?
Can you reckon the worth of a poem by a standard of meat and drink?
Can you buy with gold and silver a heart too great to shrink?
Tell me, how many dollars will pay for the life-blood shed
From the veins of the true and valiant who feared not and are dead?

Battle is fearful — I grant it. The fields are burnt bare with its breath,
Death and the wrongs of women that cry out louder than death,
The grime and the trampled faces and the shrieking of shells in the air,
White lips of victims that pray and there comes no help for their prayer,
And Famine that follows the armies, and Crime that skulks in their rear, —
These are fearful alike to the soldiers that strike and the cravens that fear.



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*Peace* But there 's yet one woe far worse than war with its griefs and graves —
To sink to a nation of cowards, sycophants, thieves and slaves,
There is one thing for man or nation more within man's control
And worse than the death of the body, and that is the death of the soul.
But the sins of the city are silent and her ruin is wrought by stealth
And the sores that fester are cloaked and her rottenness masks as health.

True Peace is a holy thing — the peace God gives to his own,
Heart's peace, though the body move where the thickest shot is thrown,
Deeps of peace forever unplumbed by a mortal eye —
But the peace of the world is the Devil's, a mockery and a lie,
Better city arrayed against city and hamlet with hamlet at strife,
So valour outvalue lucre and honour be more than life.

## A LYRIC

*From the French of Maurice Maeterlinck.*

AND if some day he come back,
What should he be told? —
Tell him he was waited for,
Till my heart was cold.



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And if he ask me yet again,
Not recognizing me? —
Speak him fair and sisterly;
His heart breaks, maybe.

And if he ask me where you are,
What shall I reply? —
Give him my golden ring,
And make no reply.

And if he ask me why the hall
Is left desolate? —
Show him the unlit lamp
And the open gate.

And if he should ask me, then,
How you fell asleep? —
Tell him that I smiled, for fear
Lest he should weep.

## THE LOST COMRADE

NOW who will tell me aright
The way my lost companion went in the night?
My vanished comrade who passed from the roofs of men,
And will not come again.

I have wandered up and down
Through all the streets of this bright and busy town,
Yet no one has seen a trace of him since the day
He silently went away.



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I have haunted the wharves and the slips,
And talked with foreigners from the incoming ships;
But when I questioned them closely about my friend,
They seemed not to comprehend.

From men of book-learning, too,
I have sought knowledge, confident that they knew;
But when I inquired simply about my chum,
They glanced at me and were dumb.

I have entered your churches of stone,
And heard discourse about God and the throng round his throne;
But the preacher knew nothing at all, when I broke in with, "Where?"
And the people could only stare.

Ah, no, you may read and read,
Pile modern heresy upon ancient creed!
But for all your study you know no more than I,
Under the open sky.

So 't is, Back to the Inn! for me,
Where my great friend and I were happy and free.
And I will remember his beautiful words and his ways,
For the rest of my days.

How eager he was for truth,
Yet never scorned the good things of his youth,
The soul of gentleness and the soul of love!
I shall be wise enough.



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## TEN COMMANDMENTS

*It is right:*

I. LOVE

To love everybody a little and some people a great deal.

II. FAITH

To trust the God who made us is good and will not forget us.

III. OBEDIENCE

To obey those who have the right to hold themselves responsible for us.

IV. HOPE

To look on the bright side of things and keep a good heart up.

V. COURAGE

To dare do whatever we think we ought to do.

VI. CHEERFULNESS

To express our good, happy feelings, not the others.

VII. PRUDENCE

To use our intelligence to avoid trouble.

*It is wrong:*

VIII

To hate or hurt any one, except for a greater good; to be mean and selfish; to be unjust.

IX

To tell lies, except when people ask what they have no right to know.

X

To do anything dirty, or ugly, or intemperate.



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## QUATRAINS

I

LIFE as it is! Accept it; it is thine!
The God that gave it, gave it for thy good.
The God that made it had not been divine
Could he have set thee poison for thy food.

II

Abstain not; Life and Love, like night and day,
Offer themselves to us on their own terms,
— Not ours. Accept their bounty while ye may,
Before we be accepted by the worms.

III

We rail at Time and Chance, and break our hearts
To make the glory of to-day endure.
Is the sun dead because the day departs?
And are the suns of Life and Love less sure?

IV

Fear not the menace of the bye-and-bye.
To-day is ours; to-morrow Fate must give.
Stretch out your hands and eat, although ye die!
Better to die than never once to live.

## THE ADVENTURERS

WE are adventurers who come
Before the merchants and the priests;
Our only legacy from home,
A wisdom older than the East's.



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Soldiers of Fortune, we unfurl
The banners of a forlorn hope,
Leaving the city smoke to curl
O'er dingy roofs where puppets mope.

We are the Ishmaelites of earth
Who at the crossroads beat the drum;
None guess our lineage nor our birth,
The flag we serve nor whence we come.

We claim a Sire that no man knows,
The Emperor of Nights and Days,
Who saith to Caesar, "Go," — he goes,
To Alexander, "Stay," — he stays.

Out of a greater town than Tyre,
We march to conquer and control
The golden hill-lands of Desire,
The Nicaraguas of the soul.

We have cast in our lot with Truth;
We will not flinch nor stay the hand,
Till on the last skyline of youth
We look down on his fair new land.

We put from port without a fear,
For Freedom on this Spanish Main;
And the great wind that bore us here
Will drive our galleys home again.

If not, we can lie down and die,
Content to perish with our peers,
So one more rood we gained thereby
For Love's Dominion through the years.



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WILSON AND SON, AT THE UNIVERSITY
PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
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# Songs from Vagabondia

*By* BLISS CARMAN & RICHARD HOVEY

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A book full of the rapture of the open air and the open road, of the wayside tavern bench, the April weather, and the "manly love of comrades." . . . The charm and interest of the book consist in the real, frank jollity of mood and manner, the gypsy freedom, the intimate, natural happiness of these marching, drinking, fighting, and loving songs. They proclaim a blithe, sane, and hearty Bohemianism in the opening lines. . . . The mood is an unusual one, especially in verse, but welcome, if only as a change, after the desperate melancholy, the heart-sickness, and life-weariness of the average verse-writer — *London Athenæum.*

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The muse of these poems may be a reckless, wanton baggage . . . but her eyes are as honest as the growth of a tree or the movement of a deer, and she is as clean and wholesome as a burgeoning spring noon. — *Boston Journal.*

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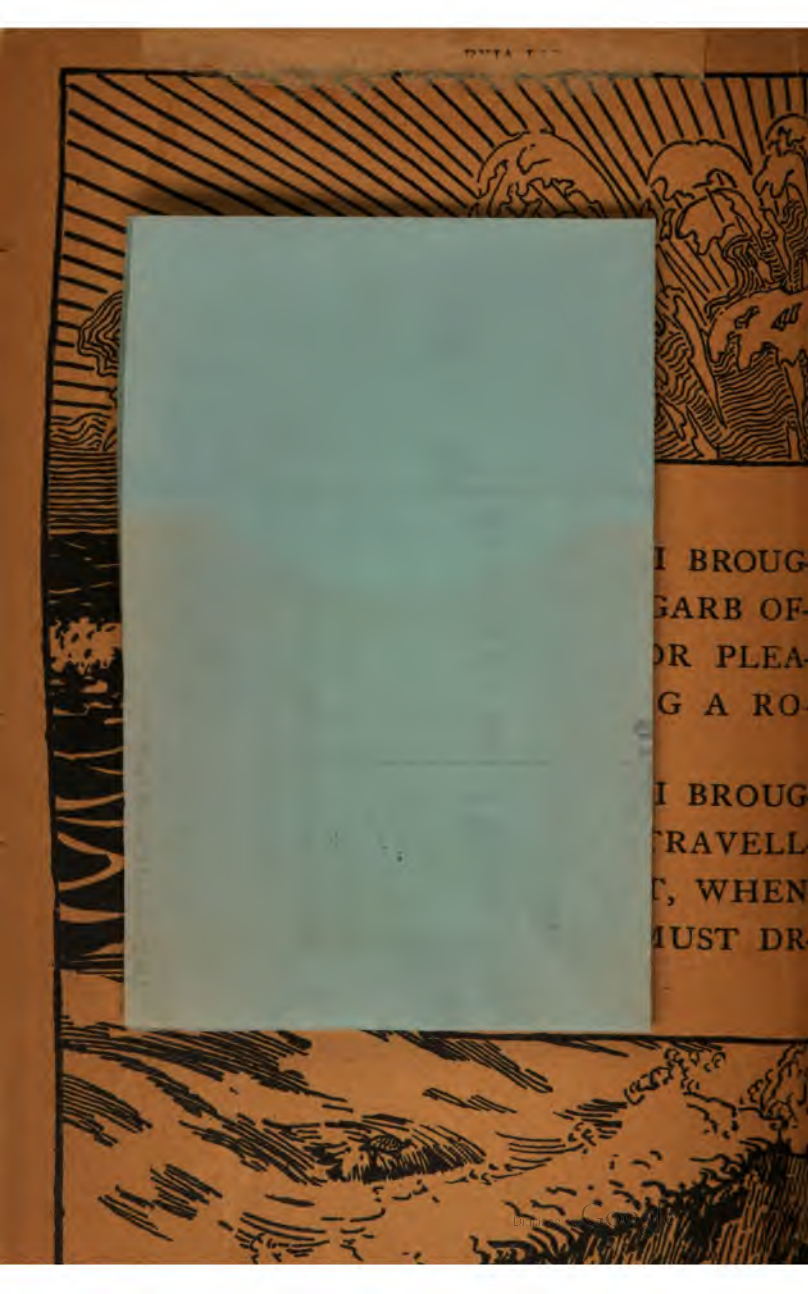
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And all the bareness of
the past
Is bright with you

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